

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

What
WEIRD SECRETS OF
THE SUPERNATURAL
WERE HIDDEN IN THIS
STRANGE PLACE? TENSE
AND CHILL TO THE SPINE-
TINGLING STORY OF...
**"TERROR"
ISLAND!**

**HELP!
HELP!**





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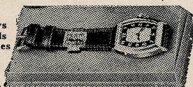
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Boys
Girls
Ladies
Men

Act
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Be
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Our
58th
Year

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES

ACT NOW - BE FIRST

MAIL
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WATCHES



OUR 58th
YEAR

BE
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BE FIRST

GIVEN - PREMIUMS or CASH

ACT
NOW

BE
FIRST

BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN

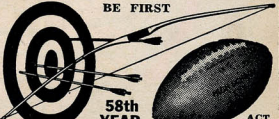


58th
YEAR

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BE
FIRST
ACT
NOW



BE FIRST

58th
YEAR

ACT
NOW

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NAME..... AGE.....

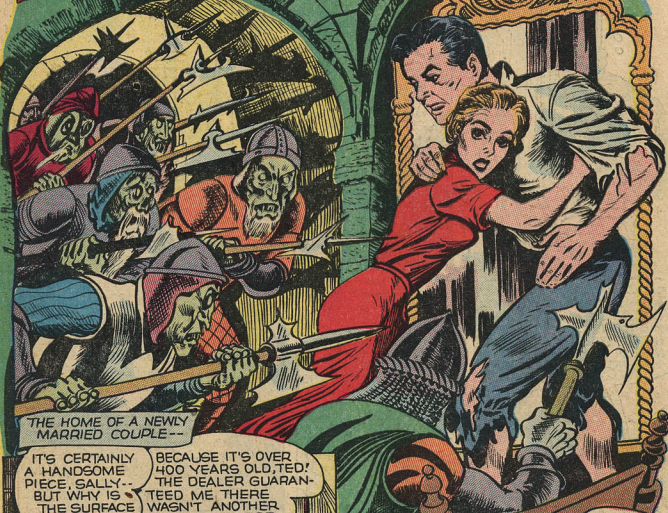
ST..... R.D. BOX.....
TOWN..... NO..... STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

THE EVENTS WERE UNBELIEVABLE, FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE-- AND YET THEY WERE **TRUE!**
IN ONE BRIEF MOMENT, TWO PEOPLE WERE THRUST INTO A WORLD OF HORROR, EVIL! AND
THEIR HOPE FOR ESCAPE WAS INEXTRICABLY BOUND UP WITH THE DARK SECRET OF---

THE HAUNTED MIRROR!



THE HOME OF A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE--

IT'S CERTAINLY A HANDSOME PIECE, SALLY-- BUT WHY IS THE SURFACE SO CLOUDY?

BECAUSE IT'S OVER 400 YEARS OLD, TED! THE DEALER GUARANTEED ME THERE WASN'T ANOTHER ANTIQUE MIRROR LIKE IT!



NOW RUN ALONG WHILE I GIVE IT A GOOD POLISHING! IT'S A JOB I SIMPLY WOULDN'T TRUST TO ANYONE ELSE!

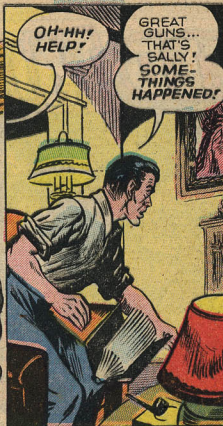
IT'S ALL YOURS, HONEY!



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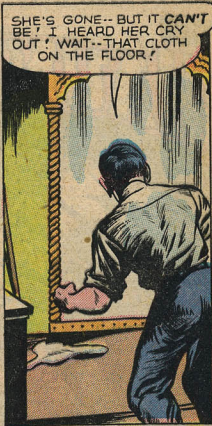


HMM, IT CERTAINLY IS CLOUDY... AND THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT! IT SEEMS TO COME FROM WITHIN THE GLASS ITSELF... AS THOUGH IT WERE SOME KIND OF **GHOSTLY MIST!**



OH-HH! HELP!

GREAT GUNS... THAT'S SALLY! SOMETHINGS HAPPENED!



SHE'S GONE-- BUT IT CAN'T BE! I HEARD HER CRY OUT! WAIT-- THAT CLOTH ON THE FLOOR!



SHE-- SHE MUST HAVE BEEN POLISHING IT LIKE SHE SAID SHE WOULD! AND NOW IT'S-- **CHANGED!** THOSE STREAKS WEREN'T THERE BEFORE!



THERE'S SOMETHING DEVILISHLY **QUEER** ABOUT THIS PIECE! IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A MIRROR AT ALL! THERE'S A PECULIAR DEPTH ABOUT IT... AND THE SHADOWS WITHIN IT SEEM TO TWIST... AND... **MOVE!** ALMOST AS IF IT WERE... **HAUNTED!**



THEN, TO HIS SUDDEN HORROR --

THE **MIRROR!** IT'S GIVING WAY! IT'S-- **SUCKING ME THROUGH!**



THE ROOM SPINS BEFORE HIS EYES-- AND HIS TERROR-STRIKEN CRY BECOMES A MOCKING ECHO IN A BOTTOMLESS VOID OF SWIRLING FORCE!

N-NO! NO!



AND WHEN THE DIZZYING
PLUNGE COMES TO A
HALT--

WH-WHERE AM I? THIS
STRANGE PLACE... IT'S
TOO FANTASTIC
TO BELIEVE!



GOT TO FIND
OUT WHERE I
AM-- FIND SALLY
BEFORE-- **HOLY
SMOKE!** THOSE
THINGS--
COMING
AT ME!



ANOTHER
VICTIM!

SEIZE
HIM!

THE
MASTER
WILL BE
PLEASED!



LET ME GO!
I'LL-- OH-H!

POW!

BACK TO THE
CASTLE WITH
HIM-- **AT
ONCE!**



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS
RETURNS--

WHAT-PLACE
IS THIS? WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE TO MY
WIFE?

YOU ARE AT
DRAKKO
CASTLE--AND I
AM THE GREAT
MARLO! YOU
AND THE WOMAN
ARE PRISONERS
OF MY DOMAIN--A
WORLD SET APART
FROM YOURS-- AND
ENTERED ONLY BY
MEANS OF THE
**HAUNTED
MIRROR!**



I DON'T
GO FOR
THAT
MUMBO
JUMBO!
IF I WEREN'T
TIED
DOWN,
I'D--

SILENCE!
TO SCOFF IS
TO INVITE
DEATH! IT IS
DIFFICULT FOR
NEW ARRIVALS
TO BELIEVE AT
FIRST-- UNTIL
THEY ARE
SUBJECTED
TO THE **TRANS-
FORMATIONAL
POWERS** AT
MY COMMAND!



SOON, YOU AND YOUR WIFE WILL
BE CHANGED INTO CREATURES
SUCH AS **THIS!** AND AS
SLAVES, YOU SHALL SERVE
MY NEEDS THROUGH **ALL
ETERNITY!**

WHEN MARLO AND HIS GRISLY CREATURES LEAVE --

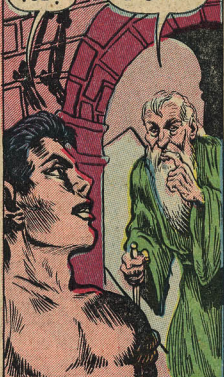
IT'S **FANTASTIC!** AND YET SO HORRIBLY **REAL!** SALLY AND I, PRISONERS OF THIS RAVING MADMAN! IF I WERE ONLY FREE---



SUDDENLY--

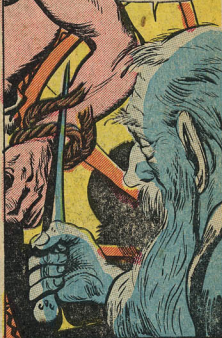
HUH? WHO ARE YOU?

BE NOT ALARMED! I COME AS A FRIEND... TO OFFER WHAT HELP I CAN!



YOU'RE-- CUTTING ME FREE!

YES-- BUT YOUR LIFE, AND THAT OF YOUR WIFE, ARE IN MORTAL DANGER! TIME IS SHORT, AND IF YOU ARE TO ESCAPE **MARLO**, YOU MUST ACT **QUICKLY!**



ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU MAY SEEM LIKE A NIGHTMARE-- BUT I ASSURE YOU IT IS **TRUE!** YOU AND YOUR WIFE **DID** ENTER THIS WORLD THROUGH THE DREADED **HAUNTED MIRROR--** AND THE CREATURES YOU SAW ARE TRULY THE PRODUCTS OF MARLO'S FIENDISH BRAIN!

BUT WHO IS MARLO-- AND EXACTLY WHERE ARE WE?



FANTASTIC AS IT MAY SOUND, MARLO IS AN ANCIENT SORCERER WHO HAS NOT ONLY DEFIED DEATH THESE PAST 500 YEARS, BUT HAS SUCCEEDED IN TRANSFERRING HIS CASTLE INTO A PLANE OF LIFE **OUTSIDE OUR OWN WORLD!**

EXACTLY! THE MIRROR IS MARLO'S MOST EVIL CREATION! DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES, IT HAS TRAPPED COUNTLESS VICTIMS! MANY HE CHANGES INTO HIS HIDEOUS SLAVE CREATURES, WHILE OTHERS LIKE MYSELF ARE FORCED TO CONTRIBUTE THE BRAIN POWER FOR HIS EVIL SCHEMES!

YOU SPOKE OF MY WIFE! WHERE IS SHE?



AND YOU SAY THE **MIRROR** IS THE BRIDGE BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND THIS?

IN A CHAMBER ON THE UPPER FLOOR, BUT I HAVE THE KEY-- AS WELL AS ONE FOR THIS DUNGEON! SLOWLY I HAVE WON MARLO'S TRUST, AND HE HAS GIVEN ME CERTAIN FREEDOMS-- BUT I VOWED THAT SOMEDAY, I WOULD HELP TO FOIL HIS SCHEMES!

THAT DAY HAS COME! THEN LET'S **GET STARTED!**





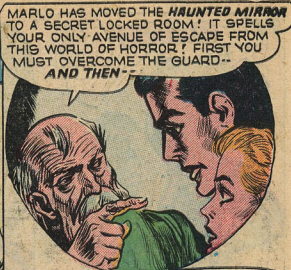
THEY'VE
COME TO
GET ME!
THOSE--HORRIBLE
CREATURES!



BUT INSTEAD--

IT'S-- SO WONDERFUL
TO SEE YOU, DARLING...
AND YET IT'S ALL SO
HOPELESS!

NOT QUITE,
DARLING!
OUR
FRIEND
HAS A
PLAN!



MARLO HAS MOVED THE **HAUNTED MIRROR**
TO A SECRET LOCKED ROOM! IT SPELLS
YOUR ONLY AVENUE OF ESCAPE FROM
THIS WORLD OF HORROR! FIRST YOU
MUST OVERCOME THE GUARD--
AND THEN--



SUDDENLY--

WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND?

IT'S THE **ALARM!**
THEY MUST HAVE
CHECKED THE
DUNGEON AND
FOUND YOU
MISSING!



THEY'LL BE COMING THIS
WAY IN A MOMENT! TAKE
MY KNIFE AND HURRY--
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!

BUT WE
WON'T LEAVE
YOU HERE!



ESCAPE IS NO LONGER
IMPORTANT TO AN OLD
MAN LIKE ME! RE-
MEMBER-- IF YOU CAN
GET BACK THROUGH
THE HAUNTED MIRROR--
WHAT YOU MUST DO--
AND QUICKLY!



TOWARDS THE SECRET ROOM AND THE
WAITING GUARD--

TED... BE
CAREFUL!

NO TIME FOR
FANCY MANEUVERS!
IT'S EITHER
HE OR I!



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Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Note: You may send full price if you wish.

The TRANSFORMATION

THE MOON RISES late tonight, and I am alone. For three weeks I have been awaiting this night, my dread and terror growing until now I can no longer stand it. It is almost with a sense of relief that I sit here now, writing these last few words so that the world may know the horror I feel in awaiting my ghastly fate, a fate I will know when the moon rides high in the skies, the full moon which will turn me into a *werewolf*.

It was twenty long nights ago that I was bitten. At the time I thanked my lucky stars that I had escaped death altogether, but now I know I would have been luckier to have perished. But let me tell you my story from the beginning, in the few minutes that remain to me, for already darkness shrouds the moors surrounding my lonely house, and the rim of the pale moon shows off on the horizon.

That terrible night of which I speak found me walking across these moors alone near midnight. The moors were dark and mists swirled everywhere. Suddenly there was a low, fierce snarl behind me. I had only time to turn before a huge, ravenous wolf was upon me, its slavering jaws seeking my throat.

I am a tall man, young and well-built, but it was all I could do to keep the creature from tearing me to shreds on the spot. Fighting for my life I jammed my forearm into its mouth, at the same time directing a single terrible blow at the animal's head with my heavy cane. The creature's skull shattered, and its heavy body collapsed in death.

Swiftly I bound up my bleeding arm with a handkerchief, and minutes passed before I turned to examine the creature I had killed. It was then that I thought I had been struck mad, for it was no longer a wolf lying dead at my feet, but a *man*!

In that terrible moment I knew that the old legends of this lonely corner of Scotland were true, that there were

werewolves still roaming these moors. And when I looked at my cane, and realized that its top was wrought of *silver*, I knew how it was that I had managed to kill it, for the legends also tell us that *silver* is the ancient enemy of all the ghastly denizens of the supernatural world.

After I had buried the man an awful thought knifed into my brain, for then I remembered the ancient warning: "He who is bitten by a werewolf becomes a werewolf himself...at the next full moon!"

Tonight the full moon rises. Already I feel a quickening in my blood, and terror sweeps over me in great crashing waves. All last night, as I stared fascinated at the almost perfectly round moon I felt a strange excitement in me, heralding the thing which I am now to become.

I know there is no escape for me. I know that after tonight I will race across these moors as a shaggy beast, hungry for human prey. I cannot escape my destiny, and yet I hope desperately that something will happen to save me from my fate.

But already a shaft of moonlight falls into my darkened room. My heart beats like a drum and I feel my limbs growing strangely stiff. The hand that holds my pen is growing dark, darker! I can barely hold the pen for now long brown hairs are sprouting swiftly over my hands and face. My teeth seem to be *emerging* from my face!

The end approaches! I know it! An insane desire to quit this house forever seizes me. I wish to join my kind out there on the moors. I long to lift my throat to the moon, and howl with all the madness sweeping over me. I cannot hold the pen a moment longer. Already hideous growls and snarls fill the room, and I know that it is *me*!

I am staring at the full moon directly now, and I must go...

A FOREST FIRE...A DRIED-UP STREAM! THEY MAY NOT BE CAUSED BY A CARELESS CAMPER OR THE SUN... NO. THEY MAY BE THE WORK OF TINY PEOPLE FROM THE WORLD OF THE OCCULT...IN AN ETERNAL WAR THAT HAS BEEN WAGED SINCE THE DAWN OF HISTORY...A WAR THAT MAY GO ON AFTER MAN HAS VANISHED FROM THE EARTH! FOR IT IS THE...

WAR of the GOBLINS!



JIM... WE'RE TRAPPED!
WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!

IT BEGAN WITH
TRAGEDY...THE KIND
YOU CAN SEE, AND
FIGHT AGAINST...

ANOTHER ONE,
JIM! THAT'S THE
FIFTH FOREST
FIRE THIS
WEEK!

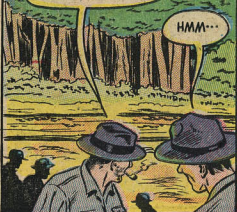
IF IT KEEPS
UP, THIS
PLACE WILL
BE A
DESERT!

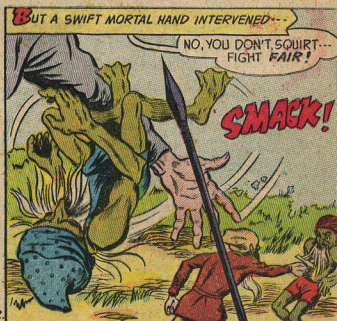
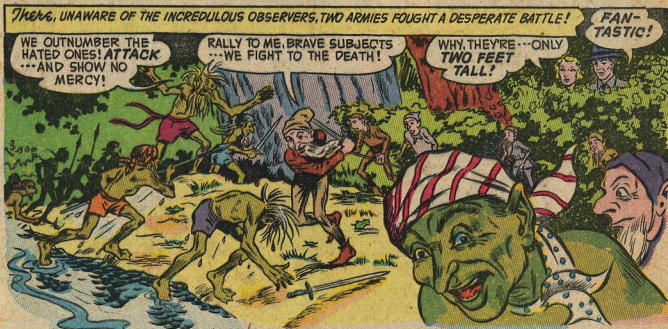
I'M GOING DOWN
TO THE RESERVOIR
...THERE'S TROUBLE
THERE, TOO!

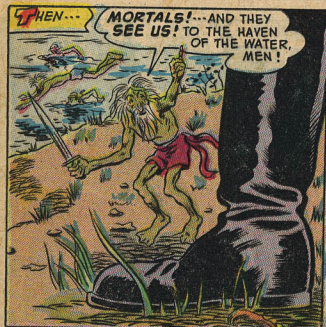
AT THE RIDGEVILLE RES-
ERVOIR...MORE TRAGEDY--AND
JIM WONDERED IF THERE WAS
SOME CONNECTION...

LOOK...ANOTHER LEAK! SOON'S
WE BLOCK ONE, ANOTHER APPEARS!
BEFORE LONG, THE TOWN WON'T
HAVE ANY WATER!

HMM...







THEN...
MORTALS!...AND THEY SEE US! TO THE HAVEN OF THE WATER MEN!

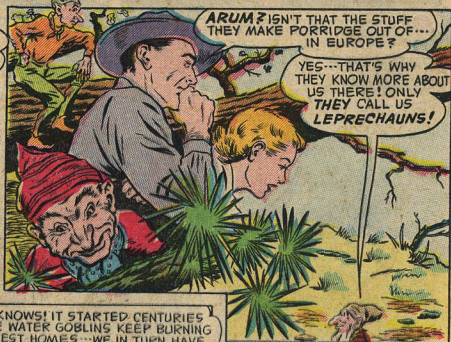


THE SPRITES THAT REMAINED SHOWED NO FEAR...
I AM BRUHN, KING OF THE FOREST GOBLINS! YOU SAVED US FROM BEING WIPED OUT BY OUR DEADLY ENEMIES, THE WATER GOBLINS! I THANK YOU!

FOREST GOB...! BUT HOW COULD I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE?

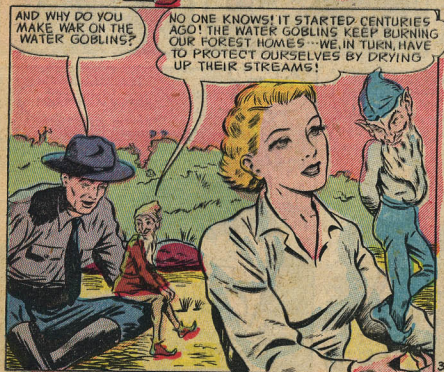


YOU'RE STANDING IN A PATCH OF THE ARUM PLANT--AND ONLY BY MEANS OF THE ARUM CAN MORTALS SEE THE CREATURES OF THE OCCULT WORLD!



ARUM? ISN'T THAT THE STUFF THEY MAKE PORRIDGE OUT OF... IN EUROPE?

YES...THAT'S WHY THEY KNOW MORE ABOUT US THERE! ONLY THEY CALL US LEPRECHAUNS!



AND WHY DO YOU MAKE WAR ON THE WATER GOBLINS?

NO ONE KNOWS! IT STARTED CENTURIES AGO! THE WATER GOBLINS KEEP BURNING OUR FOREST HOMES--WE, IN TURN, HAVE TO PROTECT OURSELVES BY DRYING UP THEIR STREAMS!



AT LAST, THE MYSTERY WAS SOLVED! BUT--WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT?

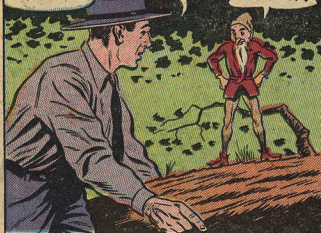
THEN--YOU GOBLINS ARE CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE! THIS WAR MUST STOP--AT ONCE!

WE'LL STOP IF THEY WILL... BUT THEY WON'T!

BUT THAT MOMENT, THE NEARBY CREEK FELL TO A MERE TRICKLE---

BUT THAT'S ONE OF THE STREAMS THAT FEED THE RESERVOIR! THE TOWN WILL BE WITHOUT WATER! YOU CAN'T---

WHY NOT? THOSE WATER GOBLINS WILL BE LEFT HIGH AND DRY!



SUDDENLY---

JIM---A FOREST FIRE!

IT'S COMING OUR WAY FAST! RUN!



AS THEY FLED, A WAVE OF TERROR SWEEPED OVER THEM---

WAIT! THE FIRE IS ALL AROUND US... WE'RE TRAPPED!

THE WATER GOBLINS... THEY'VE TAKEN QUICK REVENGE!



BUT JIM'S QUICK MIND WAS TRAINED FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES!

GRUHN, TURN THIS STREAM BACK INTO THE CHANNEL---WE CAN ESCAPE DOWN-STREAM!

IT'S HOPELESS! WE CANNOT LIVE IN THE WATER---WE SINK! AND OUR ENEMIES KNOW IT!



BUT WE CAN! WE'LL ESCAPE, THEN COME BACK AND SAVE YOU!

IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE... WE'LL DO IT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

AS SOON AS IT'S DEEP ENOUGH, WE CAN BREATHE THROUGH THESE HOLLOW REEDS!

HERE---WEAR THESE SPRIGS OF ARUM--- THEN YOU CAN STILL SEE US!



GOOD LUCK!

JIM--- I'M AFRAID!



PAST THE RAGING FLAMES THEY
DRIFTED, UNTIL...

LOOK---THE MORTALS
WHO CAUSED OUR
DEFEAT!

THE
WATER
GOBLINS!

THEY ARE HELPLESS IN THE
WATER! GET THEM---AND
LET YOUR VENGEANCE BE
SWIFT!

WITH MOUNTING HORROR, THEY
FACED THE ONSLAUGHT!

JIM---I'M
DROWN-
ING!

TOO---MANY
OF THEM---
CAN'T FIGHT
BACK!

HA! HA!
DIE
FOOLS!

Then---A MIRACULOUS SALVATION!

WAIT! THE WATER IS TAINTED
WITH ARUM! BACK---BACK, MY
PEOPLE, OR WE PERISH!

SHOKING, THE FIENDISH CREATURES RETREATED---

THAT WAS CLOSE--- BUT THE
ARUM SAVED US! IN WATER,
IT MUST BE POISONOUS
TO THE GOBLINS!

SOON AFTER---SAFETY!

WHAT THE---! IT'S
JIM AND SALLY!
HOW---?

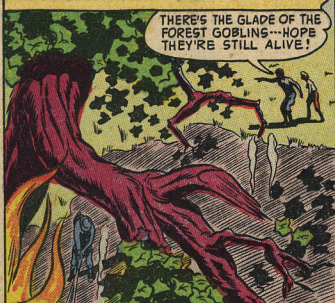
QUICK---PUT THAT
FIRE OUT! MATTER
OF---LIFE AND
DEATH!

IT WAS THEN THAT JIM TOLD SALLY
HIS PLAN TO END THE GOBLIN WAR---

IT'S SIMPLE! THE ARUM
IS DEADLY TO THE WATER
GOBLINS, RIGHT? SO ALL
WE HAVE TO DO IS---

---FILL THE
STREAMS
WITH ARUM!
IT'S SURE TO
DRIVE THEM
OUT!

THE RANGERS SOON HAD THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL...



THERE'S THE GLADE OF THE FOREST GOBLINS...HOPE THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!

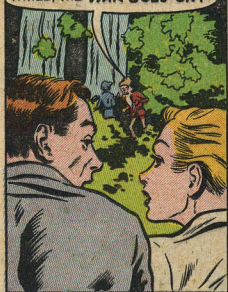
THEY WERE...BUT WHEN GRUHN HEARD THE PLAN, HIS FACE FELL...



UNFORTUNATELY ALL OF THE ARUM IN THE REGION WAS BURNED IN THE FIRE!

OH, NO!

IF YOU THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE, LET ME KNOW...MEANWHILE, THE WAR GOES ON!



BUT HOPE KINDLED ANEW AS JIM'S AGILE BRAIN WORKED FURIOUSLY...



I'VE GOT IT! IF I CAN ONLY GET THE MAYOR TO COOPERATE!

THE MAYOR! BUT WHAT...?

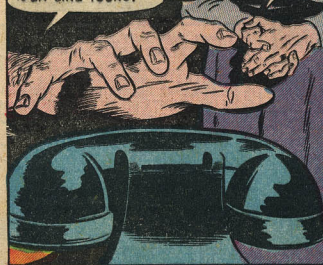
THERE WAS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN...UNTIL THEY REACHED THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...



IT'S A DESPERATE CHANCE, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

YOU'RE TOO LATE JIM... THERE'S NO WATER LEFT! I'VE GIVEN THE ORDER TO EVACUATE THE TOWN!

BUT...WHAT CAN WE LOSE? I'LL TRY ANYTHING TO SAVE RIDGEVILLE...EVEN A CRAZY IDEA LIKE YOURS!



NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

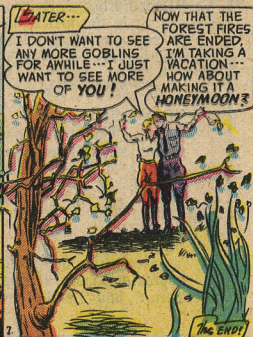
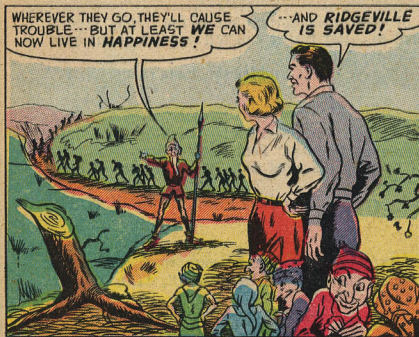
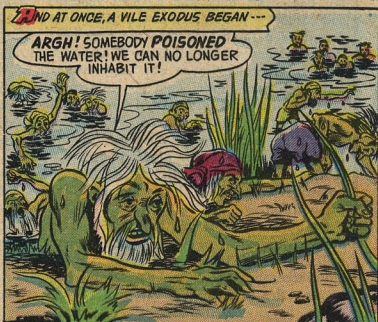
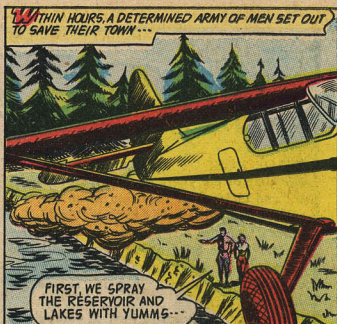
SO IT WAS THAT, IN AN OFFICE ACROSS THE SEA, A STRANGE MESSAGE WAS RECEIVED...



LOOK HERE...A TOWN IN AMERICA WANTS A TON OF YUMMS SENT BY AIR MAIL! STRANGE, WHAT?

IF THEY CAN EAT THE BEASTLY THINGS, LET'S SEND THEM!

YUMMS
THE CEREAL MADE FROM PURE ARUM



From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

FOR MOST OF us this is the vacation time of the year. As usual, we've been snowed under with inquiries as to whether our readers will be able to find "Forbidden Worlds" on the newsstands at summer resorts. To be brief about it, you will find "Forbidden Worlds" on sale just about anywhere at any time. That is, if you get your copy early.

It wasn't always that way, of course. In the beginning, ours was a small venture, dedicated to a select group of fans who demanded nothing less than the very best in supernatural stories vibrantly illustrated. To our great happiness our early issues were sellouts. From then on we printed more copies and distributed them on a wider basis. The number of "Forbidden Worlds" readers now numbers in the *hundreds of thousands*, proof of our contention that the best will always find an audience, no matter how numerous the competition.

We have never lowered our standards by so much as a jot, as you longtime readers well know. Our writing and research staffs grow larger each month, and our artwork has become the standard by which the entire

field is rated. This has meant very hard work and intense application, and it wouldn't have been possible to achieve without your constant encouragement and enthusiasm.

Several people in the office consider our present issue the finest yet. Certainly "War of the Goblins" is the kind of thrill and chill yarn which will satisfy all of you who have been clamoring for something different. The thrilling pace of "Terror Island" is guaranteed to keep you rooted from its engrossing start to electrifying finish. As for "The Bog of Evil", we hold it to be one of the most spellbinding tales in years. Merely to glance at the first page of "The Haunted Mirror" is to get a glimpse of the weird and fascinating adventure in store.

However, this is *our* opinion; we'd like to know *yours*. Why not join the thousands of your fellow fans who have expressed their preferences by writing to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll print your comments just as soon as we have space! And now, let's dip into our mailbag:

"Dear Editor:-

In the last issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' one of the letters seemed to say everything I wanted to. But I still can tell you (as it has been said before), 'Forbidden Worlds' is the best.

--J. Wrublewski, Long Island, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

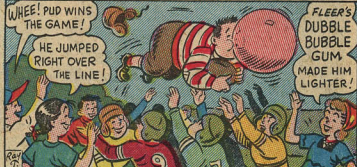
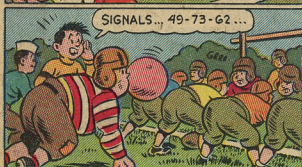
I have read a good deal of 'Forbidden Worlds' comics. I liked the recent story 'Lure of the Snake Goddess' very much. How about more vampire stories? Please keep up the good work. I enjoy these stories greatly.

--Judy Little, Peekskill, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I like the stories in 'Forbidden Worlds' very much, and would appreciate more stories like 'The Day the World Died', 'The Tomb of Terror', and 'Land of the Living Dead'.

--Kendrick Springer, Riverdale, Ga."



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IT STARTED AS A HOLIDAY, BUT BEFORE LONG IT BECAME A NIGHTMARE OF GRISLY DEEDS AND HAUNTING TERROR!

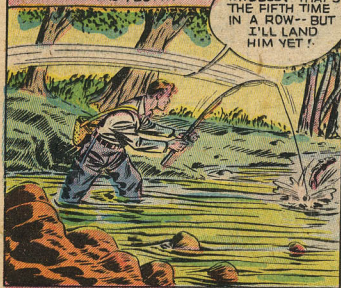
The BOG of EVIL!



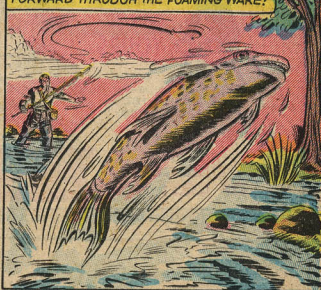
HARRY LAZARUS

FISHING IN A SWIFT-MOVING NEW ENGLAND STREAM, SPORTSMAN BURT EVANS MAKES A SPLENDID CAST, BUT...

"MISSED! THAT'S THE FIFTH TIME IN A ROW-- BUT I'LL LAND HIM YET!"



BUT THE ELUSIVE TROUT FLASHES UPSTREAM, LURING THE DOGGED FISHERMAN EVER FORWARD THROUGH THE FOAMING WAKE!



...AND FINALLY INTO A SHELTERED COVE,
SURROUNDED BY DARK, BROODING
TREES...

OF ALL THE BLASTED
LUCK! I'LL NEVER FIND
HIM HERE! MAY AS
WELL HEAD BACK FOR
THE MAIN STREAM!



BUT AS HE TURNS TO GO...

THIS MIST...IT'S RISING ALL
AROUND ME... GETTING
THICKER BY THE SECOND!
MY HEAD--IT'S SPINNING!
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



MY LEGS... WON'T HOLD ME UP!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
I CAN'T EVEN--- OH-HH!



HA! HA! HA!



THE LONG HOURS PASS--A PALE
MOON FLITS ACROSS GHOSTLY
CLOUDS-- AND SLOWLY, THE
STRICKEN MAN REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHERE AM I--NOW I RE-
MEMBER! THAT MIST! IT
WAS LIKE A DRUG! I'VE
GOT TO PULL MYSELF
TOGETHER--GET BACK---



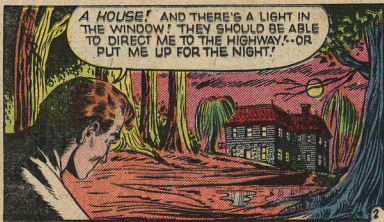
BUT AS THE PANICKY MAN
PLODS FORWARD...

I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF
THIS! THE WHOLE LANDSCAPE
SEEMS TO HAVE CHANGED!
NOT A SIGN OF ANY...

WAIT! THERE'S
SOMETHING
UP AHEAD!



A HOUSE! AND THERE'S A LIGHT IN
THE WINDOW! THEY SHOULD BE ABLE
TO DIRECT ME TO THE HIGHWAY--OR
PUT ME UP FOR THE NIGHT!



MINUTES LATER...



IT'S AN INN!
THIS IS
LUCK!

WELCOME...WELCOME TO
THE RED MASK INN! OUR
ROAD IS SELDOM
JOURNEYED THESE
DAYS, BUT THERE
IS ALWAYS ROOM
FOR A WEARY
TRAVELER.

I-- I'M
MUCH
OBLIGED!



I SEE I'M THE ONLY GUEST YOU
HAVE, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL BE
LOSING ME BY MORNING! YOU
SEE, I'M REGISTERED AT THE
CLEARVIEW HOTEL!
IT'S JUST THAT I--
SORT OF
GOT LOST!

THEN IT IS
OUR GAIN...
EVEN IF IT BE
FOR ONLY
ONE NIGHT!



AND NOW MY DAUGHTER
WILL SHOW YOU TO
YOUR ROOM!
COME MIRANDA!

THIS
WAY,
SIR!

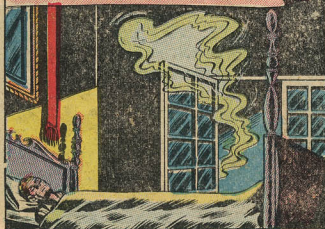


THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU THAT SEEMS SO
ELUSIVE, SO STRANGE... AS THOUGH I WERE
VIEWING YOU ACROSS
SOME GREAT
DISTANCE!

IT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU
ARE TIRED! GOOD NIGHT...
AND PLEASANT
DREAMS!



BUT WHEN SLEEP DOES COME, A STRANGE MIST
SEEPS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW...



THEN IT TAKES SHAPE AND FORM, AS LONG FANGS
GLEAM OVER GLISTENING LIPS, AND EVIL EYES
GLARE DOWN.



AN AGONIZING SECOND LATER...

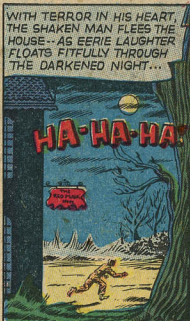
OH-HHH!
WHAT...



IT'S DISAPPEARING! AND IT WASN'T A
NIGHTMARE--BUT **REAL!** I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF HERE--**FAST!**



WITH TERROR IN HIS HEART,
THE SHAKEN MAN FLEES THE
HOUSE--AS EERIE LAUGHTER
FLOATS FITFULLY THROUGH
THE DARKENED NIGHT...



GOT TO KEEP GOING!
MUSTN'T-STOP! HAVE
TO-- FIND MY WAY
BACK BEFORE---



I-- I'M STRANGELY
WEAK-- CAN'T--
GO ON---



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, AT THE CLEARVIEW HOTEL ...

BUT I'VE GOT
TO SEE HIM,
DOCTOR! I'M
HIS FIANCEE!
I-- I CAME AS
SOON AS I
RECEIVED
WORD!

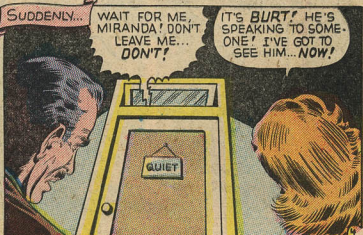
HE'S SUFFERING FROM SHOCK, MISS
CARSON-- IT SEEMS THAT HE SPENT
MOST OF LAST NIGHT WANDERING
AROUND IN THE BOGS! NO DOUBT HE
LOST HIS WAY, AND THE EXPERIENCE
HAS LEFT HIM A
BIT DAZED!



SUDDENLY...

WAIT FOR ME,
MIRANDA! DON'T
LEAVE ME...
DON'T!

IT'S **BURT!** HE'S
SPEAKING TO SOME
ONE! I'VE GOT TO
SEE HIM... **NOW!**



SHE WAS-- HERE A MOMENT AGO!
I SPOKE TO HER! YOU
FRIGHTENED HER AWAY-- BOTH
OF YOU!

NO,
DARLING...
NO!

BURT,
DARLING!
DON'T YOU
KNOW ME?
SAY SOME-
THING...
PLEASE!

HE'S LOST
CONSCIOUS-
NESS, MISS
CARSON!
BETTER
LET ME
HAVE A
LOOK!

STRANGE--HE'S GONE INTO A
COMA! HE'S HAD SOME SORT
OF SHOCK--A NASTY ONE--
ENOUGH TO JAR HIS NERVOUS
SYSTEM INTO A COMPLETE
STATE OF COLLAPSE!



WE'D BETTER NOT RISK MOVING HIM TO A
HOSPITAL! HE MAY COME OUT OF IT IN A
FEW HOURS-- KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON HIM,
AND CONTACT ME IMMEDIATELY IF
THERE'S ANY CHANGE!

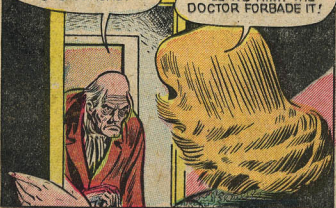
YES, DOCTOR!



THEN--

FORGIVE THIS INTRUSION, BUT I HAVE LIVED IN
THESE PARTS ALL MY LIFE! I HEARD OF THE YOUNG
MAN'S ILLNESS AND HIS STRANGE SYMPTOMS, AND
SO I HAVE COME TO WARN
YOU-- BUT WE CAN'T
SPEAK HERE!

BUT I MUSTN'T
LEAVE HIM! THE
DOCTOR FORBODE IT!



SLOWLY THE HOURS PASS, AS ALICE KEEPS HER
LONELY VIGIL...

WHAT'S HAPPENED,
DARLING? IF I ONLY--
WAIT! THAT NOISE!
SOMEONE'S AT
THE DOOR!

**RAP!
RAP!**



IN MATTERS OF *THIS* KIND, A DOCTOR IS HELP-
LESS! IF YOU WISH TO SEE THE YOUNG MAN
LIVE THROUGH THIS NIGHT, YOU
MUST COME ... NOW!

WHAT ARE
ALL RIGHT!
I... I'LL COME
WITH YOU!



SILENTLY, THE OLD MAN LEADS THE WAY-- BELOW...

TO HAVE SPOKEN IN HIS ROOM WOULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING! EVEN NOW HIS BODY IS POSSESSED BY THE ANCIENT DEMONS WHO HAVE CLAIMED HIM AS THEIR OWN! IF THEY HEARD OUR PLAN, WE WOULD HAVE FAILED BEFORE WE BEGAN!

DEMONS POSSESSING BURT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, ALICE RETURNS TO BURT'S ROOM! SLOWLY THE TIME PASSES...

IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, THE TIME THE OLD MAN WARNED ME ABOUT! SOON THEY WILL ATTACK-- AND ONLY THEN CAN I PUT THE PLAN INTO EFFECT!



HE IS A VICTIM OF THE **BOG OF EVIL**, THE CURSED BURIAL GROUND OF THE WITCHES OF OLD SALEM! LAUGH IF YOU WILL, BUT I'VE SEEN THEIR EVIL WORK DONE BEFORE, AND THEIR VICTIMS CLAIMED! TIME IS SHORT! THE CRISIS WILL COME TONIGHT, AND UNLESS YOU USE MY PLAN, HE IS **DOOMED!**

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HIM-- ANYTHING!



BUT AS THE SWIRLING MIST FILLS THE ROOM...

M--MY HEAD... IT FEELS SO HEAVY... CAN BARELY KEEP MY EYES OPEN... GOT TO FIGHT IT... GOT TO...



THEN, FROM OUT OF THE SWIRLING MIST...

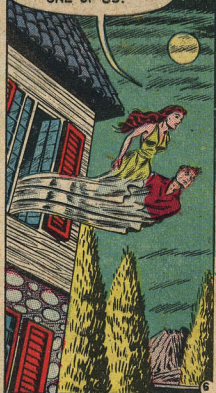
SOON YOU SHALL BECOME ONE OF US, BUT FIRST YOU MUST MAKE THE PILGRIMAGE! I CALL UPON YOUR INNER SELF TO JOIN ME IN THIS FINAL FLIGHT!



YOU HAVE COME BACK, MIRANDA... AND I AM READY TO JOIN YOU! LEAD ME, MIRANDA, AND I WILL FOLLOW!



THE OTHERS WAIT AT **CABAL MOUNTAIN!** SOON WE WILL BE THERE, AND THEN YOU WILL MAKE YOUR FINAL PLEDGE AND BECOME ONE OF US!



WHEN THE WEIRD FLIGHT COMES TO AN END...

WH-
WHERE
ARE
WE?

AT THE END OF OUR JOURNEY! THIS IS CABAL MOUNTAIN, THE DIVIDING POINT BETWEEN YOUR WORLD AND MINE! SOON WE SHALL BE AT THE SUMMIT--THE GATEWAY TO THE WORLD OF ETERNAL FIRE!



NOW... THIS IS THE MOMENT! WE MUST LEAD TOGETHER INTO THE FLAMES! BE NOT AFRAID... TAKE THIS LAST STEP AND JOIN ME IN MY WORLD FOR ALL ETERNITY!

YES... I
WILL
JOIN
YOU...



SUDDENLY...

FREE YOURSELF...
HURRY! ONLY
A SECOND
REMAINS!

MY WRIST...
SOMETHING'S
TIED AROUND
IT! IT'S
PULLING
ME!



WAIT! DON'T
LEAVE ME!
MIRANDA!



MIRAN-?! WHERE AM... ALICE! IT'S YOU! I'VE HAD A NIGHTMARE--A HORRIBLE ONE! I WAS AT THE BRINK OF DEATH ITSELF, WHEN SUDDENLY I WAS PULLED BACK!

IT WASN'T
A NIGHTMARE,
DARLING! LOOK
AT YOUR
WRIST!



THERE ARE
STRANDS OF
SAVE YOU! IT REPRESENTED A SYMBOL
HAIR WRAPPED
AROUND IT--
YOUR
HAIR!

IT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD STRONGER THAN THE WITCH'S CURSE! FORTUNATELY, I CAME OUT OF THAT DRUGGED SLEEP JUST IN TIME TO FASTEN THOSE STRANDS TO YOUR WRIST-- AND THEY SAVED YOU!



AND AFTER
ALICE
EXPLAINS
THE WEIRD
HAPPENINGS...

OF COURSE I'M GRATEFUL TO THE OLD MAN, BUT IT WAS OUR LOVE THAT PULLED YOU THROUGH! IT HAS PROVEN ITSELF, DARLING, AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! NOTHING CAN HARM US NOW!



WIND-SWEPT AND LASHED BY THE FURIOUS ELEMENTS, THE TINY ISLAND JUTTED OUT OF THE SEA... A DARK, HUDDLED OBJECT FRAUGHT WITH DANGER! AN ABODE OF EVIL, OF LOATHSOME SECRETS, IT WAS GIVEN A WIDE BERTH, AND TO THOSE WHO KNEW IT, IT WAS APPROPRIATELY CALLED...

TERROR ISLAND!



A SOUTH CAROLINA COASTAL VILLAGE...

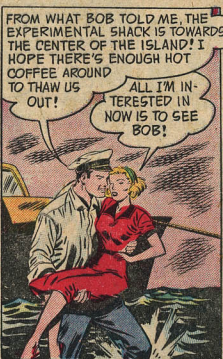
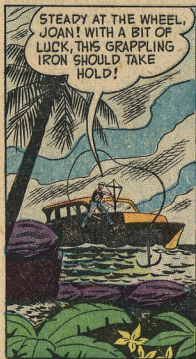
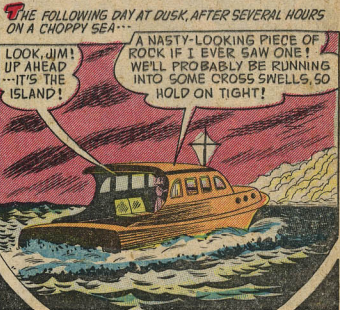
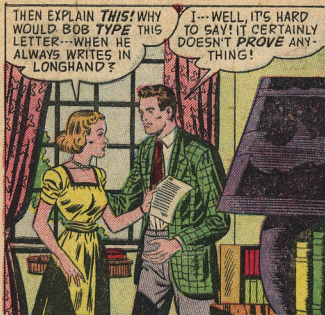
BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING WORRIED, JIM! BOB HASN'T BEEN HOME FOR WEEKS, AND NOW I RECEIVE THIS LETTER SAYING IT MAY BE **MONTHS** BEFORE HE CAN MAKE IT! IT ISN'T **LIKE** HIM TO PUT THINGS OFF THIS WAY!

YOUR BROTHER KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, JOAN... HE'S A BIG BOY NOW! BESIDES THAT, THERE'S HIS WORK! WHEN A MAN BECOMES A RESEARCH BIOLOGIST, HIS TIME JUST ISN'T HIS OWN!

THEN WHY DID HE HAVE TO PICK THAT CREEPY OLD ISLAND TO WORK ON? IT'S SO REMOTE... SO DESOLATE!

BUT THINK OF THE OPPORTUNITY, DARLING! A CHANCE TO WORK WITH THE FAMOUS **PROFESSOR KURTZ**! I'M CERTAIN THE OLD BOY PICKED THE ISLAND FOR ITS PRIVACY, AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SILLY FOR BOB TO HAVE PASSED UP THE CHANCE ON THOSE GROUNDS ALONE!





NONSENSE! THE ONLY THING WATCHING US IS YOUR IMAGINATION! JUST TRY CALMING DOWN, HONEY--- WE'LL BE THERE IN A LITTLE WHILE NOW!

I---I CAN'T HELP IT, DARLING! I'VE HAD THE FEELING ALL THE WHILE YOU CIRCLED THE ISLAND!

IT'S AS THOUGH... JIM! LOOK OUT!

AS THE HIDEOUS MONSTER PASSES IN FOR THE KILL---

GROWRRRRR!

WHA---RUN, JOAN---RUN!

GROWRRRRR!

I---I CAN'T FIGHT IT OFF! I---IT'S TOO (GASP!) STRONG!

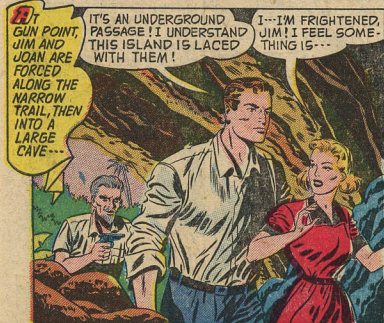
SUDDENLY---A TERSE COMMAND!

BACK, KOOLA! BACK, I SAY!

YOU'VE DONE QUITE WELL, KOOLA--- I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

PROFESSOR KURTZ!

YES---AND I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO TRESPASSERS! AS IT IS, YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN THINGS I PREFER TO KEEP SECRET! THAT'S WHY YOU MUST NEVER LEAVE THIS ISLAND!

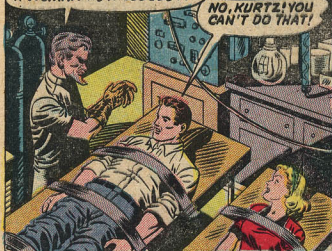




IN A MACHINE-FILLED LABORATORY...

IN A WAY, YOUR COMING IS A BIT OF RARE LUCK! UP TILL NOW, MY EXPERIMENTS HAVE NEVER HAD A WOMAN AS A SUBJECT!

NO, KURTZ! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



BUT I SHALL! IN THIS EXPERIMENT, I INTEND USING THE BRAIN TISSUE OF A BLACK PANTHER! IF THE GRAFT IS SUCCESSFUL, IT SHOULD PRODUCE SOME INTERESTING RESULTS!

I BEG YOU, KURTZ... SPARE HER! USE ME IF YOU WANT, BUT LET HER GO!



IT WILL BE QUITE PAINLESS! UNDER ANESTHETIC, SHE'LL BE OBLIVIOUS TO ALL OF IT!



BUT AS THE SCIENTIST PRESSES THE MASK AGAINST HER FACE...

GROWRRR!
N... NO!



GOOD HEAVENS!

IT'S ONE OF THE DANGEROUS ONES! HE'S BROKEN OUT!



GARRRROWWW!

WHACK!

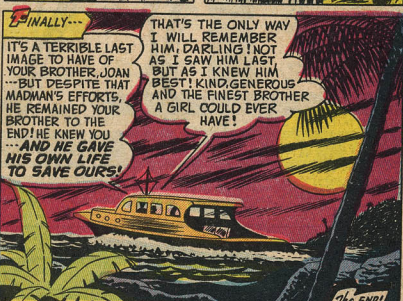
OH-HH!



HE'S TEARING AWAY THE STRAPS! H-HE'S GETTING US FREE!

SNAP! RIP!





3 Feet HIGH! ALL LIVE RUBBER* GIANT BEACH BALL

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NO-SEAM
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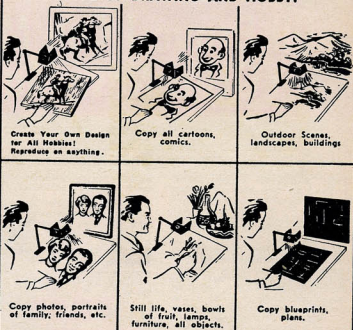
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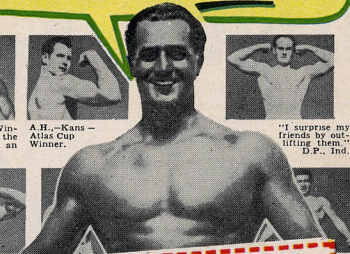
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